

THE  
Banquet of MUSICK:

OR,

A Collection of the newest and best SONGS  
sung at Court, and at Publick Theatres.

WITH

A THOROW-BASS for the *Theorbo-Lute*,  
*Bass-Viol*, *Harpfchord*, or *Organ*.

*Composed by several of the Best Masters.*

The WORDS by the *Ingenious Wits* of this Age.

THE SECOND BOOK.



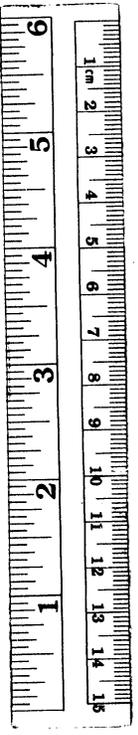
LICENSED,

May 3. 1688.

Rob. Midgley.

*In the SAVOY:*

Printed by *E. Jones*, for *Henry Playford*, at his Shop near the *Temple Church*, 1688.



Miss S.S.S. 31

London, 1712

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Orgive me, if your Looks, I thought, did once some Change discover; to

be too Jealous, is the fault of ev'ry ten-der Lover: My Truth thofe kind Re-

proaches show, which you blame fo se-vere-ly; a sign, a-las! you lit-tle know, what

'tis to love sin- cere-ly.

Mr. Robert King.

11.

The Torment of a long Despair,  
I did in silence smother;  
But 'tis a Pain I cannot bear,  
To think, you love another,  
My Fate depends alone on you,  
I am but what you make me;  
Divinely blest, if you prove true,  
Undone, if you forsake me.

[ 2 ]



Rant me, ye Gods, the Life I love, and lend to me a

sha—dy Grove; there let the Trees verdant Hair, sport with each kind blast of Air.

Let Birds, the Choristers of the Wood, sing all that's pleasant, sing all that's plea—fant, all that's

good; make some li—quid fil—ver Stream, in soft Whisp'—ring court the Plain; and

let me here Flowers be—hold, let me here Flowers behold, fringing its Banks with

na—tive Gold. Then tell, ye Gods, tell, if ye can, What Prince, what great un—

[ 3 ]

hap—py Man, would not thus a Cell pre—fer, and chuse to live an

Hermit here!  
*Dr. John Blow.*



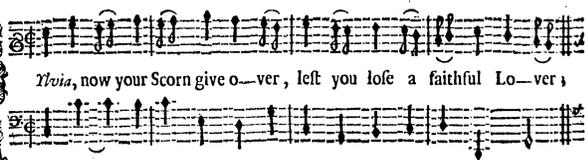
*Ava*, whose harmless Charms and Pride, made all Man—kind to

bow; while her own Sex with En—vy dy'd, repents her Triumphs now: By too successi—

Pow'r undone, no Conquest left in Store; like him, who all the World had won, she weeps in

vain for more.  
*Mr. Snow.*

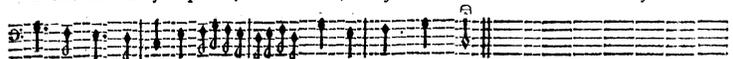
[ 4 ]



*Syl—via*, now your Scorn give o—ver, lest you lose a faithful Lo—ver;



if this humour you pursue, farewell Love, and *Syl—via* too. Mr. Henry Purcell.



II.

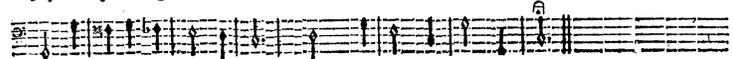
Long have I been unregarded,  
Sighs and Tears still unrewarded;  
If this does with you agree,  
Troth, good Madam, 'twon't with me.



H! how pleasant 'tis to Love! E—ve—ry Moment does improve;



Joys sur—pri—sing new I meet, nothing's like Love, so charming, so sweet. Mr. H. Purcell.



II.

Some do make a God of Pleasure,  
Others worship hoarded Treasure;  
While the Lover's still addressing  
To his Nymph, for ev'ry Blessing.

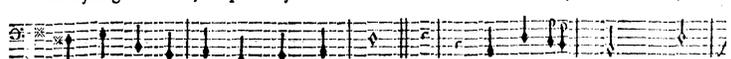
[ 5 ]



HY is your faithful Slave disdain'd? By gen—tle Arts my



Heart you gain'd! Oh, keep it by the same! For e—ver shall my Passion last, if



you will make me once possess, of what I dare not name.



II.

Though charming are your Wit and Face,  
'Tis not alone to hear and gaze,  
That will suffice my Flame;  
Love's Infancy on hopes may live,  
But you to mine full grown must give,  
Of what I dare not name.

III.

When I behold your Lips, your Eyes,  
Those Snowy Breasts that fall and rise,  
Fanning my raging Flame;  
That Shape so made to be embrac't,  
What would I give, I might but taste  
Of what I dare not name!

IV.

In Courts I never wish to rise,  
Both Wealth and Honour I despise,  
And that vain Breath, call'd Fame;  
By Love, I hope no Crowns to gain,  
'Tis something more I would obtain,  
'Tis that I dare not name.

C

[ 6 ]



U—pid! Cu—pid! go—— and hang thy self, for all, all, the

World's in love with Pelf; 'tis that which has u—surp'd your Throne, and knows, and

knows, no Pow'r but its own; 'tis that which has u—surp'd your Throne, and

knows, and knows, no Pow'r but its own, and knows, and knows, no Pow'r but its own.

Not the Charms of Ce—lia's Eyes, or Phil—lis that did all surprize, Not Olim—da's

youth—ful Air, or the Grace of a—ny Fair; af—fif—ted by the utmost Art, to wound,

[ 7 ]

to wound, to wound a Heart; prevails not half so much as Pelf, therefore go and

hang thy self.

Mr. Francis Pigott.



O more shall Meads bedeck'd with Flow'rs, nor Sweetness live in

Rosy Bow'rs; nor greenest Buds on Branches spring, nor war—bling Birds de—light to

sing; nor A—pril Violets paint the Grove, when e're I leave my Celia's Love. Mr. Snow.

II.

Fish shall in the Ocean burn,  
And Fountains sweet shall bitter turn;  
The humble Vale no Floods shall know,  
When Floods shall highest Hills o'reflow,  
Black Lethe shall Oblivion leave,  
Before my Celia I deceive.

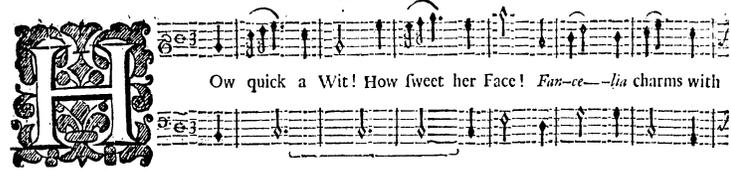
III.

Love shall his Bow and Shafts lay by,  
And Venus Doves want Wings to fly;  
The Sun refuse to shew his Light,  
And Day shall then be turn'd to Night;  
And in that Night no Star appear,  
When e're I leave my Celia dear.

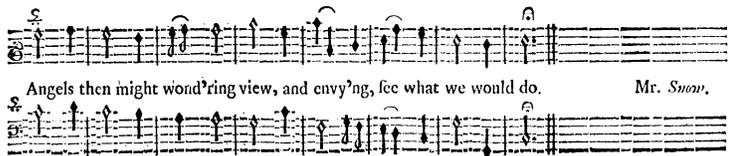
[ 8 ]



Ow quick a Wit! How sweet her Face! *Fan-ce—lia* charms with



ev<sup>r</sup>-ry Grace! Could she love as she is fair! Could I sof-ten her de-fire!



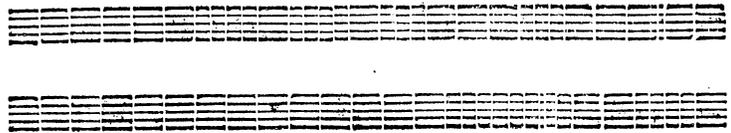
Angels then might wond'ring view, and envy'ng, see what we would do. Mr. *Snow*.

II.

On Beds of Roses we would lye,  
Soft gentle Streams meand'ring by;  
*Cupid's* Graces round us play,  
Cooing, kissing, Time away:  
Angels then might wond'ring view,  
And envy'ng, see what we would do.

III.

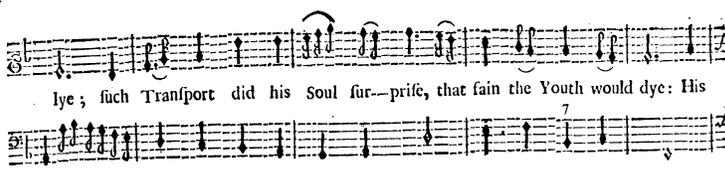
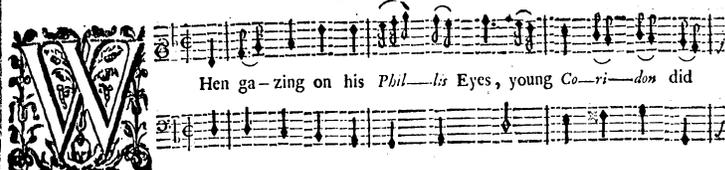
No Thoughts to other Things we'd give;  
But only Sighing, Loving, live;  
All our happy life should be  
One continuing Extacy.  
Angels then might wond'ring view,  
And envy'ng, see what we would do.



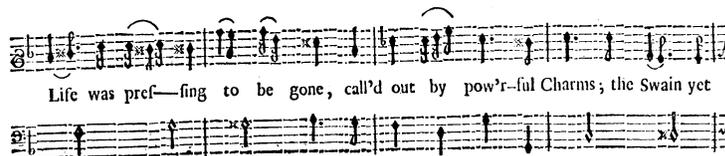
[ 9 ]



Hen ga-zing on his *Phil-lis* Eyes, young *Co-ri—don* did



lye; such Transport did his Soul sur-prize, that fain the Youth would dye: His



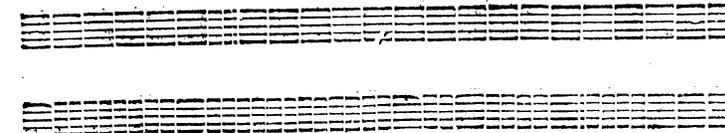
Life was pref—ring to be gone, call'd out by pow'r-ful Charms; the Swain yet



loath to dye a-lone, catch'd *Phil-lis* in his Arms. Mr. *Daniel Purcell*.

II.

The Nymph that sick and longing lay  
For Death, as well as he;  
Cry'd, Now, my Shepherd, dye away;  
And I will dye with thee:  
Thus by Consent the Lovers dye,  
But with so little pain,  
That both receive, and instantly  
Prepare to dye again.



D



Sk me not what my Love shall do, or be, (Love, which is Soul to

Bo-dy and Soul of me) when I am se—pa-ra-ted from thee; a-las! I might as

ea—si—ly show, what, af—ter Death, the Soul— will do; 'twill last, I'm

sure, and that is all we know; 'twill last, I'm sure, and that is all we know. The

thing, call'd Soul, will ne—ver stir nor move, but all that while a live—lefs Car—kafs

prove, for 'tis the Bo—dy of my Love: Not that my Love will fly away, but

fill con—ti—me, as — they fay; fad troubled Ghosts a—bout, a—bout, their

Graves do stray; fad troubled Ghosts a—bout, a—bout, their Graves do stray. Mr. P. Pigeon.

**H**ow happy are they <sup>and</sup> below'd, <sup>who</sup> obey the Laws of Love's sweet, tho' ty-

ra—ni-cal Sway! They're proud of their Bondage, and smile on their Chains, a hap—py short

Minute re—wards all their Pains. Mr. Mas-fb.

II.

How wretched we seem,  
When the Bliss we esteem,  
Is so quickly pas'd o're with a Thought, or a Dream;  
There's not so desir'd, and there's nothing so cloy,  
As the sweetest of Meats, and the sweetest of Joys.



*What you please, you al—ways cry, What you please I still re—ply; 'tis*

*strange, and ve—ry ill a—grees, you're not con—tent with What you please!*

*Since What you please will not content you, may What you please al—ways torment you,*

*if What you please a Tor—ment be, be What you please your De—sti—ny.*

*Could you think it much a—mifs, when you ask a harmlefs Kifs; and prefs it farther*

*by de—grees, if you are answer'd, What you please?*

*U—ri—di—ce, my fair, my fair Eu—ri—di—ce, my Love, my Joy, my Life!*

*If fo you be, in Pluto's Kingdom, answer me; appear, and come to thy poor Orpheus. Oh! I hear, I*

*hear, dear Orpheus, but I cannot come beyond the bounds of dull E—li—zium; I cannot! And why*

*Wilt thou not draw near? Is there, within these Courts, a Shade fo dear, as he that calls thee? No,*

*no, there cannot be, a thing fo lovely in mine Eyes, as thee! Why comes not then my Eu—*

*ri—di—ce! The Fates, the Fates forbid, and these Eternal Gates ne—ver unbarr'd to let a*

Pris'ner go, de—ny me Pas—sage; nay, grim Cer—ber—us too, stays at the

*Orpheus.* Door! But cannot then they, that o're Le—the go, re—turn a—gain? Ne—

*Euridice.*

*Orpheus.* ver, ne—ver! O—h, ne—ver! Sure they may! Let's try, if Art can

Null the Laws of De—f—li—ny; my Laves compacted, Thebes made ev'—ry Tree loosen its

CHORUS.

Perchance,

CHORUS.

Roots, to caper; come, let's see, let's see, what thou and I can do. Perchance, the throng of

the throng of Ghosts, may be en—chan—ted with a Song, and mov'—d to Pi—ty,

Ghosts, the throng of Ghosts, may be enchanted with a Song, and mov'—d to Pi—ty, and

*Euridice.* mov'—d to Pi—ty. Hark! hark! the Hin—ges move, the Gates unbarr'd, I

mov'—d to Pi—ty.

come, I come, my Love. 'Twas Musick, on—ly Musick, could unspell, helpless undone Eu—

'Twas Musick, on—ly Musick, could unspell, helpless undone Eu—

vi—di—ce from Hell.

Dr. John Blow.

vi—di—ce from Hell.

[ 16 ]



N-hap-py *Thiffs!* there to love thy Fate, where thou art

sure to find returns of Hate! Thy *Laws* hears not, tho' Love plead thy Cause, Love, like ne-

cef-fi-ty, that has no Laws: Then happy's he that can controul his Will, to love or

hate, or be indiff'rent still.

II.

Pursue no more that vain and worthless Prize,  
Which flatters thee, that she may Tyrannize;  
When once you're vanquish'd, she your Life will save,  
And, like an Infidel, make you her Slave:  
Then you'll perceive what Task you have to do,  
At once her Pride and Scorn to undergo.

[ 17 ]



S poor *Au--ve--lia* fate a-lone, hard by a Ri--vu--let's

flow-ry side, en-vious at Nature's new-born Pride, her slish-ted self she

thus re-flec-ted on.

*Mt. John Roffey.*

II.

Alas! that Nature should revive  
Those Flow'rs, which, after Winter's Snow,  
Spring fresh again, and brighter shew;  
But for our fairer Sex so ill contrive.

III.

Beauty, like theirs, a short-liv'd thing;  
On us in vain she did bestow;  
Beauty, that only once can grow,  
An Autumn has, but knows no second Spring.



He's lo—st! Oh, why then should I grieve, for what I

ne-ver, ne-ver, can retrieve! Hencefor—th be still, my stormy Breaſt, and rage no

more, for ſhe's un—kind; by Love, no longer be poſſe—ſt, no

more, ſoft Spell, en—chant, en—chant, my Mind. Then thus I charm the ra—ging Flood, o—

bey the ri—ſings, ri—ſings, ri—ſings, in my Blood; Ebb down to your more

healthful Streams, neither my wa—king Thoughts mo—leſt; nor bring Pan—the—a

to my Dreams, but let my Love—ſick, Love—ſick, Soul have Reſt.

Make haſt, my freedom, to my Heart, from thence, too faithful Love, de—part.

Ye Tears that fa—ll, and Sighs that riſe, (ſince 'tis a fol—ly to be true)

now drop your Fare—wel to my Ey—es, and languish out your

laſt, your laſt, A—dieu, Captain Packer.



Wlth-in a fo-li-ta-ry Grove, de-spair-ing *Sappho* fate; la-

menting of her ill-plac'd Love, and cur-sing of her Fate: In vain, said she, I

would conceal, the Conquest from his Eyes; my Looks, a-las! too plain reveal, what

I would fain dis-guise. Mr. Daniel Purcell.

II.  
 Away my Eyes, would you betray  
 The weakness of my Heart,  
 To one that will not Love repay,  
 Or e're regard my Smart?  
 But yet, how often hath he swore,  
 That he would constant prove?  
 How oft, with Tears, did he implore  
 My Pity, and my Love?

III.  
 But he, like a proud Conqueror,  
 Who, in his way, subdues  
 Some Towns, with his restless Pow'r,  
 Fresh Conquests now pursues:  
 Then *Sappho*, give thy Sorrows o're,  
 And be thy self again;  
 And think on that vain Man no more,  
 That could thy Love contemn.



Satch'd from *Urania's* Charms, I can no more feel a-ny moment's Ease,

feel a-ny moment's ease, or Rest; all Day my Fate I do de-lore, my Nights in

Sighs and Tears I waste: As Leaves which Tempests from their Branches tear, frait

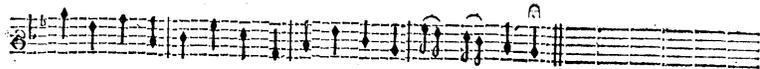
fade, that did, that did be-fore look green; so, so am I pleas'd when she is near,

but gone, consume away, con-sume a-way with Spleen. Mr. Samuel Akeroyde.

II.  
 Hast, *Phœbus!* then, make short the tedious Days,  
 That are to lengthen out my Woe;  
 My Love requires more glorious Rayes,  
 For to a brighter Sun I go:  
 Warm'd with her welcom Beams, like melting Snow,  
 Frozen Despair will waste away;  
 And then Hope's fading Flow'r will blow,  
 Which else must wither quite away.



Hil-lis, I can ne're forgive it, nor, I think, shall e're out-live it;



thus to treat me so se-vere-ly, who have always lov'd sin-cere-ly. Mr. Henry Purcell.

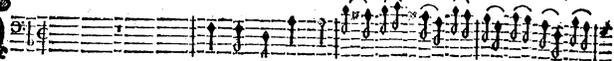
II.

Damen, you so fondly cherish;  
Whilst poor I, alas! may perish;  
I that love, which he did never,  
Me you flight, and him you favour.

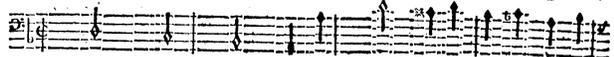
An Italian Song.



I-te ó Cie-le; si cru-de-li so-no i' sguar-di,



Di-te ó Cie-lo si cru-de-li so-no i' sguar-di,



del mio ben, del mio ben, si cru-de-li so-no i' sguar-di, del mio ben. Sono



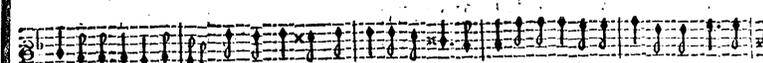
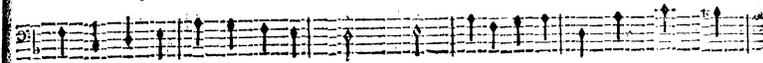
del mio ben, del mio ben, si cru-de-li so-no i' sguar-di, del mio ben. Sono



Dar-di che pun-tu-re, dans si du-re, dans si du-re, che tra-fit-to ne



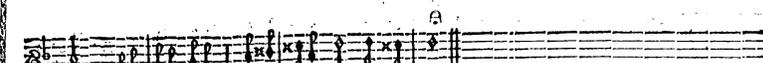
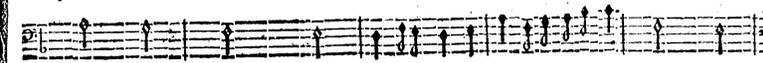
Dar-di che pun-tu-re, dans si du-re, dans si dure, che trafitto ne re-sta il Core al



resta il Core al sen, che tra-fit-to ne resta il Cor' al sen, che trafitto ne resta il Cor' al



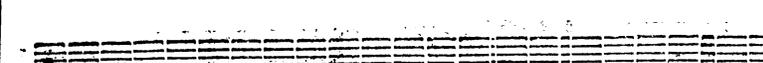
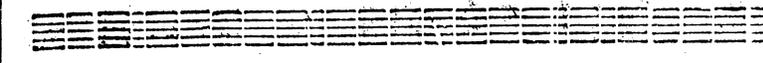
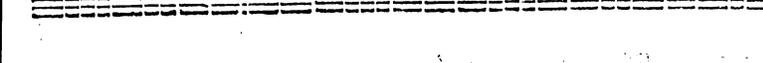
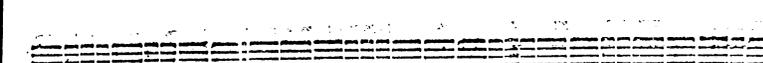
sen, che trafitto ne re-sta il core'l sen, che trafitto ne



sen, il Cor' al sen, il Co-re, Cor' al sen.



resta il Core'l sen, il Co-re, Cor' al sen.



*Symphony.*



*U-cin-da*, cloſe or vail thoſe Eyes, where thouſand Lo-

—ves in Am—buſh Iyes; where Darts are poin—ted with ſuch

ſkill, they're ſure to hurt, if not to kill —, if not to

*Loud.*      *Soft.*      *Loud.*

kill: Let Pi-ty move thee to ſeem blind, left ſeeing thou, left ſeeing thou, left ſeeing

\*\*\*\* *Loud.*

thou de—ſtroy Mankind; let Pi-ty move thee to ſeem blind, left ſee—ing

*S. Soft.*      *Loud.*      \*\*

thou; left ſee—ing thou, left ſee—ing thou de—ſtroy Mankind, left ſee—ing

\*\*\*\* *Loud.*

thou, left ſeeing thou de—ſtroy Mankind.      *Sen. Baptiſt.*

ii.

*Lucinda*, hide that ſwelling Breaſt,  
 The Phoenix elle will change her Neſt;  
 Yet do not, for when ſhe expires,  
 Her Heat may light in the ſoft Fires  
 Of Love and Pity; ſo that I,  
 By this one way, may thee enjoy.



Ove's Pow'r in my Heart, shall find no compliance, Ple stand to my

Guard, and bid o—pen de—fi—ance: To Arms, I will muster my Reason and Senses, *Ta ra*

*ra ra, Ta ra ra ra*, a War now commences. Mr. Henry Purcell.

II.

Keep, keep, a strict Watch, and observe ev'ry motion,  
Your Care to his cunning exactly proportion;  
Fall on, he gives ground, let him never recover,  
*Victoria! Victoria!* the Battel is over.

An Italian Song.



*-Me-re non me tradir, se-ran-za non me gamar: In pla-ci-da*

*calma è tempo che l'alma dia bondal pinar, in pla-ci-da calma è tempo che l'alma dia bondal pinar.*

The Words by Mr. Jo. Cruther.

Set by Mr. James Hart.



He cold Winter's gone, and the sneaky Year does now appear, with its

gau-dy Man-tle on; all the Trees conspire to please us, where Birds with Glee and

Harmony, take pains from Care to ease us. Now the time commences, when

Flow'rs that spring, fresh O-dours bring, to re—cre—ate our Senses; all things with Mirth con-

tract the Day, the wan—ton Lambs about their Dams, teach us to dance and play.

The Queen of May, is Flo—ra, sweet and fair, whose Eyes encrease the Day, whose

Breath perfumes the Air: The beauteous Queen of *May*, is *Flo-ra*, sweet and fair, whose

Eyes encrease the Day, whose Breath perfumes the Air. To her we'l fa-cri-*fice*,

and Garlands that we twine, shall deck her Shrine; such Tri-bute to the Pow'rs,

that make the Fields so gay, we'l justly pay. To *Pan*, the Rural God, that Shepherds and their Sheep,

do guard and keep; all Thanks and Praise we give, whilst to his tuneful Layes, we sing his Praise.

Let us always be confessing, what we owe for ev'ry Blessing; What to Heav'n, and

what to Nature, who displays on ev'-ry Creature, such a U-ni-verse of Treasure,

so much Sweetness, such a Pleasure, as our Gra-ti-tude can ne-ver equal, tho' we

sing for e-ver.

The Words by Mr. Herbert. Set by Dr. John Blow.

**V**hy weeps *A-sce-ri-a*! Why weeps *A-sce-ri-a*!

Why weeps *A-sce-ri-a*, and mourns! The ab-sence, the

ab-sence of a faithful Lo-ver? Who with the first fair Wind re-turs, and

[ 30 ]

brings his con-stant Pa-sion o-ver; who with the first fair Wind re-turms, and

brings his con-stant Pa-sion o-ver. *Slow.* A-las! A-

las! A-las! A-las! His rest-less Nights are pass'd, are pass'd, in *Faster.*

wish-ing, in wish-ing for those hap-py, hap-py Gales; in wish-ing, in

wish-ing for those hap-py, hap-py Gales; im-pa-tient,

cryes, Hoise, hoise in hast; Hoi-se, hoise in hast; *Quick.* I've Sighs e- *Slow.*

[ 31 ]

now, I've Sighs e-now, to fill the Sails. *\*\**

A-ste-ri-a, A-ste-ri-a has the sole Command; others with all their Charms *56* *76*

and Art, the Sy-rms of the Seas or Land, can't cap-ti-vate Al-can-

der's Heart, can't cap-ti-vate Al-can-der's Heart, can't *6* *6*

cap-ti-vate Al-can-der's Heart, can't cap-ti-vate Al-can-der's Heart. *6* *7* *6*

In vain, in vain, are all, all, all their Lan-guish-ings and Sighs, all, all, all in vain, in

vain, in vain, they tempt the un-sha-ken Mind; firm as a Rock, firm as a Rock, and

deaf—er to their Cries, he scat-ters, scat-ters all, all, all before the Wind.



Hen from the old *Chaos* brisk Light started out, in Number and Measure the

World mov'd about, in Num—ber and Measure the World mov'd about : Like Volumes of

Musick the Spheres then began, to re—fresh and en—li-ven, to refresh and en-li-ven, the

Spirit of Man, all, all, all the Orbs in their turns still our Pleasures, our

Pleasures advance, and by their own Movements, and by their own Movements, they teach us to

dance, to dance, they— teach us to dance. They teach us how to dance and

love, for nothing else is done above. The Pla-nets do their *Bo-re's* run, the

Moon and Stars, the Moon and Stars dance to the Sun; they dance, and by their Comfort

prove, the pow'r of Har—mo—ny and Love: For by their In—flu—ence, we find, our

selves to Mirth and Love inclin'd.

Dr. John Blow.

Set by Dr. John Blow.



One Po—e—try, and with you bring along, a rich and painted

Throng, of no—bleſt Words in—to my Song; come Po—e—try, and with you bring along, a rich

and painted Throng, of no—bleſt Words in—to my Song: In—to my Numbers let them

gent—ly flow, let them gent—ly flow, ſoft and pure, and pure, ſoft and pure as

ſal—ling Snow; and turn the Number ſtill to prove, ſmooth as the ſmootheſt Sphere a—

bove, and like a Sphere, like a Sphere harmoniouſly move, and like a Sphere, like a Sphere har—

moniouſly move. Little doſt thou, vain Song, thy Fortune know, what thou art deſtin'd to, and

what thy Stars in—tend to do; lit—tle doſt thou, vain Song, thy Fortune know, what

thou art deſtin'd to, and what thy Stars in—tend to do; what thou art deſtin'd to, and what thy

Stars in—tend to do. Among a thou—ſand Songs, but few can be

born to the Honour promis'd thee, but few can be born to the Honour pro—mis'd thee, E—

li—za's ſelf ſhall thee re—ceive, and a bleſt Being, a bleſt Be—ing to thee

E—li—za's ſelf ſhall thee receive, and a bleſt Be—ing to thee



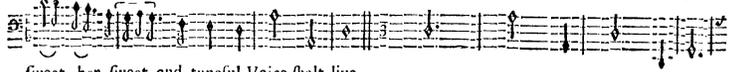
give ; thou in her sweet, in her sweet and tuneful Voice shalt live ; thou in her sweet,



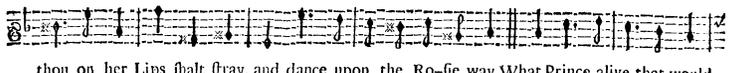
give ; thou in her sweet, in her sweet and tuneful Voice shalt live ; thou in her sweet, in her



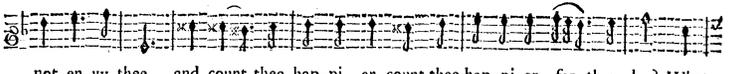
in her sweet and tuneful Voice shalt live. Her warbling Tongue shall freely with thee play,



sweet, her sweet and tuneful Voice shalt live.



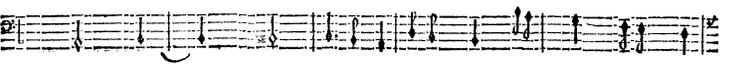
thou on her Lips shalt stray, and dance upon the Ro-sie way. What Prince alive that would



not en-vy thee, and count thee hap-pi-er, count thee hap-pi-er far than he? What



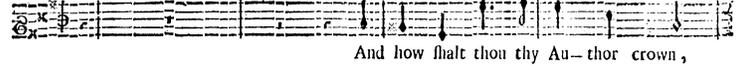
Prince a-live that would not en-vy thee, and count thee hap-pi-er, count thee hap-pi-er



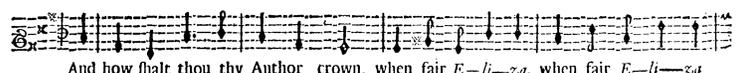
far than he, and count thee hap-pi-er, count thee hap-pi-er far than he.



CHORUS.



And how shalt thou thy Au- thor crown,



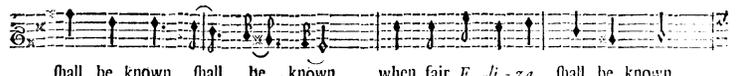
And how shalt thou thy Author crown, when fair E-li-za, when fair E-li-za



And how shalt thou thy Author crown, when fair E-li-za shall be



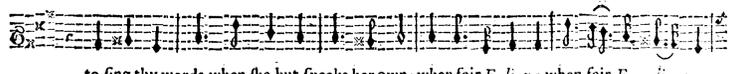
when fair E-li-za, when fair E-li-za shall be know- n,



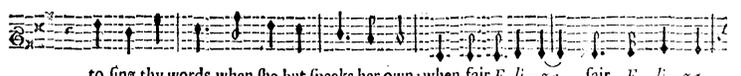
shall be known, shall be known, when fair E-li-za shall be known,



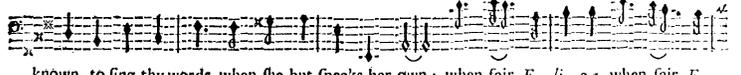
known, when fair E-li-za shall be known, when fair E-li-za shall be



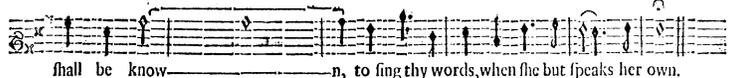
to sing thy words, when she but speaks her own ; when fair E-li-za, when fair E-li-za



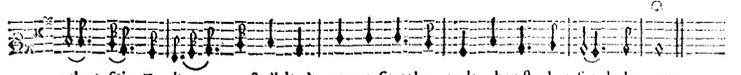
to sing thy words, when she but speaks her own ; when fair E-li-za, fair E-li-za,



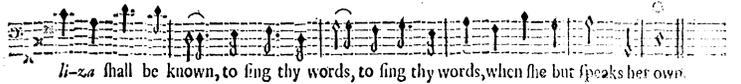
known, to sing thy words, when she but speaks her own ; when fair E-li-za, when fair E-



shall be know- n, to sing thy words, when she but speaks her own.



when fair E-li-za shall be known, to sing thy words, when she but speaks her own.



li-za shall be known, to sing thy words, to sing thy words, when she but speaks her own.



Lo—e, your un—re—len—ting Scorn, has been too la—sting

and fevere; no Truth but mine could e're have born, the Tor—tures of so long De-

spair: Those unkind words your Rage reply'd, To what my Hand and Heart had

giv'n, shew'd not your Ver—tue, but your Pride, Love may ex—po—st—u-

late with Heav'n. Think while your Spring of Charms is here, Beauty must in its

Autumn fade; and the sweet Bloom no more ap—pear, by Time or Coy—neis

once decay'd: Think while your Spring of Charms is here, Beauty must in its

Au—tumn fade. The on—ly way Love can propose, to keep your Image

e—ver new; is in your Arms those Wounds to close, of which I bleed to

death for you, of which I bleed to death for you.

Mr. James Hart.



Will fair *Pam-bea's* cold Disdain, will fair *Pam-the-a's* cold Dis-

Will fair *Pam-bea's* cold Disdain, will fair *Pam-*

dain, pur-sue to Death, to Death, a gen-tle Swain; who dares not hope to find a

*the-a's* cold Disdain, pur-sue to Death a gen-tle Swain; who dares not hope to find a

Cure, of the fierce Pangs he does en-dure: Sure, strictest Ho-nour can-not blame, the

Cure, of the fierce Pangs he does en-dure: Sure, strictest Ho-nour can-not blame, the

dawning of a Lam-bent Flame, that springs from such immortal Fire, as no gros

daw-ning of a Lambent Flame, that springs from such immortal Fire, as no, no gros

Fu-el doth require. Her Hap-pi-ness will my Contentment prove, and sweeten

Fu-el doth require. Her Hap-pi-ness will my Contentment prove, and

all, all, all the bitter draughts of Love; her Happiness will my Contentment

sweeten all, all, all the bit-ter draughts of Love; her Happiness will my Contentment

prove, and sweeten all the bit-ter draughts of Love, and sweeten all, all, all the

prove, and sweeten all the bit-ter draughts of Love, and sweeten all, all the

bit-ter draughts of Love.

bit-ter draughts of Love.

Dr. John Blow.

The Words made by the Lady Withens.

Set by Mr. James Hart.



Haft *Lu-cre-tia*, when you left me, you of all things dear bereft me.

Tho' I shou'd no Discontent, Grief is strongest, and the longest, when too great to find a vent;

Grief is strongest, and the longest, when too great to find a vent, when too great to find a vent.

How much fiercer is the Anguish, when we most in secret languish! How much fiercer is the Anguish,

when we most in secret languish! Silent Water's deepest found, noisy grieving is deceiving,

empty Vessels make most found; noisy grieving is deceiving, empty Vessels make most found,

empty Vessels make most found. Had I words that cou'd reveal it, yet I wisely wou'd con-

ceal it; had I words that cou'd reveal it, yet I wisely wou'd conceal it; tho' the Question be but

fair, Grief and Merits, Love and Spi—rits, e—ver lose by taking Air.

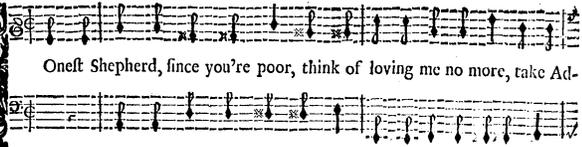
Guardian Angels still defend you, and surprizing Joys attend you, whilst I like the Winter Sun,

faint—ly shining, and declining, till thou charming Spring return, till thou charming

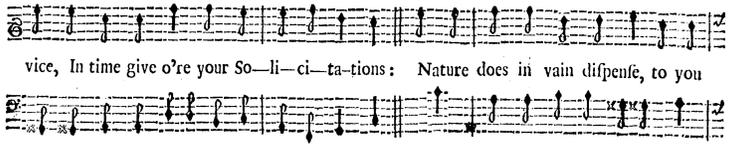
Spring re—turn.



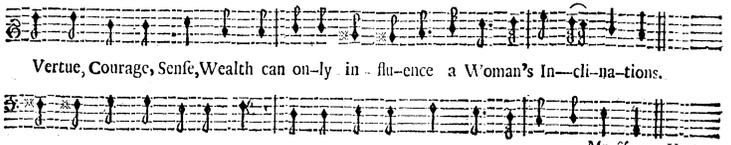
Oneft Shepherd, fince you're poor, think of loving me no more, take Ad-



vice, In time give o're your So—li—ci—ta—tions: Nature does in vain difpenfe, to you



Vertue, Courage, Senfe, Wealth can on-ly in-flu-ence a Woman's In-cli-na-tions.



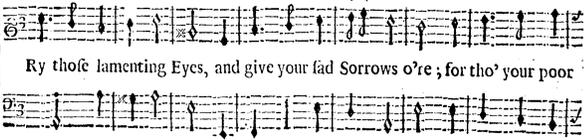
*Mr. James Hart.*

What fond Nymph can e're be kind,  
To a Swain but rich in Mind,  
If as well ſhe does not find  
Gold within his Coffers?

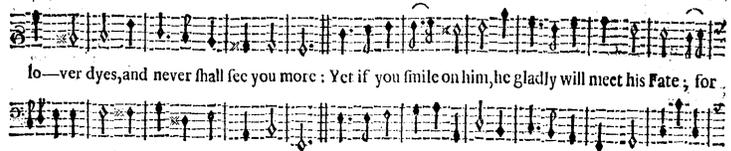
Gold alone does Scorn remove,  
Gold alone incites to Love,  
Gold can moſt perſwaſive prove,  
And make the faireſt Offers.



Ry thoſe lamenting Eyes, and give your ſad Sorrows o're; for tho' your poor

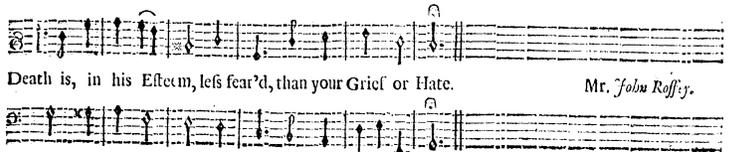


lo—ver dyes, and never ſhall ſee you more: Yet if you ſmile on him, he gladly will meet his Fate; for



Death is, in his Effect, leſs fear'd, than your Grief or Hate.

*Mr. John Roſſy.*



F I N I S.